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Jesus Dulcis Memoria

Jesus, if but to think of Thee
Such sweetness now doth bring to me,
What all surpassing joy 'twill be,
Thee present in my heart to see.

No sweeter song the seraph sings,
No dearer sound through Heaven rings,
No thought such joy, such rapture brings,
As Thy blest Name, O King of Kings.

Thou Lord dost cheer the penitent,
To all who ask, art e'er intent;
To those who seek, thy aid is lent,
On those who find, Thy love is spent.

No pen, however smooth its flow,
No human tongue can ever show,
No learned seer can ever know,
How hearts with love of Jesus glow.

My heart unceasing shall proclaim
Jesus my hope, treasure and fame.
Yea, grant, dear Lord, my lips may frame,
Forever more Thy Sacred Name.

J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

WHY JOE AND MARY DIDN'T MARRY

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

It was, for a fact, a blunt, straight question—but Father Casey could put them that way when he thought proper.

"Mary," he said, "why don't you get married?"

You would expect a charming, saucy, vivacious little body like Mary O'Donnell to say—no matter what she thought—that she didn't care to, that she considered herself much better off without a husband, that she hoped she'd never be so "goofy" as to throw herself away on any man. But Mary said nothing of the kind. She was talking to the good priest who had baptized her as an infant, who had taught her catechism as a child, and directed her while she grew to womanhood. He was to her a spiritual father. She saw that he asked her the question in all earnestness, and she replied in all candor.

"Father," she said, "I'd like to—but it's so hard to find a husband."

"Why, Mary, I am sure there are legions of young men who would be delighted to marry you, if they thought you would have them."

"If they thought I would have them! Do you want me to go about wearing a sign, like a sandwich man—big red letters before and behind: 'Husband Wanted'?"

"Don't ask me any such foolish questions! As if every girl does not know from instinct a thousand ways to attract the men!"

"The only ways that attract the men of today," replied Mary, "are the ways of the shameless flirt. I would starve to death as an old maid before I would cheapen myself by copying their methods."

"Still you meet young men without being a common flirt."

"Of course! And I have accepted their company, too—when I knew them well—gone with them for a drive or to see a show. But I found them all the same—despicable! Even those that have the reputation of being excellent young men are base and unprincipled at heart. A young woman trusts to their honor and their manliness and goes out with them. They are no sooner alone with her than their real character appears. They throw aside every restraint of decent society and try to take a cowardly advantage of her. Time was when men were proud

to die defending the honor of a woman—now they glory in degrading her. If a girl has enough firmness to compel them to act like gentlemen in her presence, they tire of her and seek someone more yielding. They have no respect for any woman. How can we love or esteem men of this brand? Wouldn't we be taking the wildest chance in marrying such men? What sort of husbands would they make? What sort of fathers would they make? What sort of home would they provide? Why, many of them will not work. They wish to dress like dandies and live in idleness and let a poor old father or even a delicate sister toil to meet the family expenses. When they do secure a position, their heart is not in the work. They grumble about their pay, criticise their superiors, and shirk their duties. They are always planning a change of place and make no effort to increase their efficiency in their present position or render their services to their employer really worth while. The money they earn is spent in gambling and carousing. And these young men, with no visible means of support, their health undermined by excesses, have the effrontery to ask a good girl to give up a lucrative position and a comfortable home and marry them. Can you blame me for not taking a husband under such conditions? I believe I am called to the married state. I think I could make the home bright and comfortable and attractive for my husband and children—I should take special delight in doing so. There is no sacrifice I could not make, and make gladly, for the man whom I could respect and love. But I can neither respect nor love such men as these."

"But why don't you encourage one of our own good Catholic boys?"

"Why don't they make themselves worthy of being encouraged? They have the same opportunities for self-culture as non-Catholic boys; they have the same, if not greater, abilities; why don't they make use of them? They often have less culture, less refinement, less even of ordinary politeness, and seem incapable of carrying on a conversation on any worth while subject. Of course, I do not count these essential matters. I know that under a rough exterior may beat a heart of gold. But there is no reason—except slovenliness and coarseness of character—why the Catholic young man of today should have a rough exterior. However, we could put up with their exterior if their interior were decent. You call them, 'our good Catholic boys.' Father, I have known boys from good Catholic families, boys who go to Mass and

occasionally receive the sacraments, and yet no pure girl, no girl that cherishes the virtue of Christian modesty, could dare venture alone in their company. Every trick and scheme and cunning wile that diabolical ingenuity can devise, they make use of in order to mislead an innocent girl. It seems to be their only aim in life; all their thoughts and efforts are directed towards it. There was a time when, in my ignorance, I thought because a boy was a so-called practical Catholic, he would be a safe companion. From bitter experience, I know that they are often the worst. I have seen young men in church on Sunday, and when I remembered how their conduct on previous occasions had repelled and disgusted me, I could hardly say my prayers. My father, God rest his soul, was the kindest and gentlest of men, but if he knew, when he entrusted his daughter to their company, how basely they betrayed the trust, I would not have answered for their lives."

You may well imagine that the plain, unvarnished statements of Mary O'Donnell gave Father Casey ample food for thought. That is why, when he was walking down-town with Joseph Bauer a few days later, he said:

"Joe, why don't you get married?"

"Father Casey, marriage is a contract requiring two parties. Find me a good sensible girl that will have me, and I shall be mighty glad to sign up as the party of the second part. This dreary bachelor life is getting on my nerves. I have a good position and the confidence of my employers. With the help of God, I would be a faithful husband to any good girl that thought enough of me to marry me. But where can I find one?"

"Why, the town is full of them!"

"Full of flappers, yes. But where are the good girls?"

"Why, Joe, you must not judge solely by externals. Just because a harmlessly vain little girl allows her dressmaker to rig her out like a what-you-may-call-it, and bobs her hair and puts coal dust in her eyebrows and uses a powder puff to tone down the high lights on her little nose, that does not necessarily make her bad, does it?"

"Oh, God bless them, they may wear what they like. A new style is like the smallpox—it must take its course. Though I must say, I should not fancy seeing the woman to whom I was engaged or married going to the extreme limit of every foolish fashion and thus unnecessarily drawing on herself the foul gaze of every low down, street cor-

ner lounge. A woman can adorn herself according to the prevailing style and still keep within the bounds of moderation."

"It's true," replied the priest, "a good woman will manage to do that."

"It's not what's outside, but what's inside, that concerns me. If there's nothing in a girl but vanity and fickleness and love of pleasure and sensuality, I shouldn't care to take the risk of tying myself up with her for life. They don't care a continental for a fellow; it's his spending money they are after. I hope I am not a tightwad, but if a girl will pout because I don't spend the last cent of my salary on her while I am courting her, what will she expect me to do after marriage? Hold up a bank or rob a pay roll in order to set up house-keeping, I suppose. What is the use of founding a home for myself, if I can't live in it? I don't know whether it's safe to figure that the sacrament of Matrimony will work a miracle, but I do know that nothing short of a miracle will make a good home woman of the girl who is wretched if she can't be out till one o'clock seven nights of every week. I am always delighted to meet and converse with an intelligent, womanly woman. I come away feeling better—more a man, with a firmer hold on all my ideals of true manhood. But the girls nowadays fail to emit even the slightest scintillation of intelligence; and as for womanliness, why, call on them of an evening, and they care for nothing but the mushy stuff; bring them to a dance, and they despise the partner who does not go in for the latest jungle abominations. I tell you, Father, a young man's problems are complicated at best, he wants a virtuous woman who will help him to remember his dignity as a man, a woman whose pure image will rise up before him in moments of temptation and strengthen his will and steel his nerves to lead a life worthy of her. If I know the girl I am keeping company with forgets her dignity with every stranger she meets at a public dance, what assurance have I that she will be true to me after marriage? Can you imagine such a creature developing into the devoted wife and mother that would make a Christian home?"

Father Casey thought he would venture another remark.

"Of course," he said, "our good Catholic girls are different."

"Our Catholic girls—yes, they're better—that is, sometimes they're better—that is, in some ways they're better—at least some of them are. There are Catholic girls who have received a higher education—

cultured women—though sometimes, you know, one wonders whether it is always the culture best fitting them to face the facts and bear the burdens and shoulder the responsibilities of the genuine Christian wife and mother. You see, I can conceive of only one type of genuine Christian wife and mother—the type of wife my father had and the type of mother I and my three sisters and five brothers had. I shouldn't be criticising these cultured women, though; they're not for the likes of me. They've gone up higher. The boys they knew as children, the boys that grew up in the next block, are a little too common for them. The prince charming that carries them off must be a stranger, and I sometimes think that if, besides being a stranger, he is a non-Catholic as well, he grades mighty near one hundred per cent. Then there are the Catholic girls who had only an ordinary education. They are at work. They are earning good money and enjoying every cent of it. If their salary is, say, one hundred and fifty per, they will have to give that up in order to marry a man whose salary, perhaps, is not much more. Now, being business women, they're great at figures, and here's a little problem which they have worked out to their complete satisfaction: 'One hundred and fifty divided by one, will buy more comfort and independence than one hundred and fifty divided by two.' Hence they keep their job, and turn down the man. And so, if the desirable girls won't marry, and the marrying girls are undesirable—there's nothing left for a fellow but to learn to play golf."

That night, with one slipper off and the other in his hand, Father Casey fell into a brown study. At length he raised the slipper and addressed it thus: "It's a problem—a problem!" A moment's silent thought. "I wonder if they both didn't exaggerate considerably. We all are inclined to that fault when we get warmed up." Then suddenly. "Why not arrange to have all the Mary O'Donnells meet all the Joseph Bauers? Ah, that's the solution! And as for the others—well, if such women get such men—'twill serve them both right, I suppose."

The living green of the holly is suggestive of the perennial love of Jesus, the scarlet of the berry, the price that was paid on Calvary, and as the circle is an emblem of eternity, the wreath of holly might teach us that:

"His mercy flows an endless stream
To all eternity the same."

The Obedience of Mary

ST. LUKE 2:22-39

JOHN ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

We have often seen pictures of the Temple of Jerusalem. We have often read its praises as one of the wonders of the ancient world. Still all its glories as a monument of history, all its magnificence as a marvel of architecture, were eclipsed on that morning when the Mother of God entered it with her Divine Child upon her arms. She stood close by the splendid Gate of Nicanor, whence a broad staircase of 15 steps led down to the spacious piazza called the Court of Women. Here crowds of worshipers were gathering for the morning sacrifice. Before her lay the Court of Priests, which contained the huge Altar of Burnt-offerings, and still further beyond arose the stairs that led into the Temple-building. With St. Joseph she waited there from the time that the incense was kindled within the Temple until the clouds of smoke arose from the Altar of Burnt-offerings and the sacrifice was over. Then one of the officiating priests drew near and received from her the offering of the poor, "a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons." He took them to the altar and when they were sacrificed to God, he returned to Mary and sprinkled her with the blood of the birds. Then he received from her five shekels of silver (about 60 cents each) as redemption money for her Child.

HER OBEDIENCE.

Truly charming is the grace and vividness of the simple story. There are so many points of interest that one is at a loss to select the most delightful. However, we shall turn our attention to our Lady's obedience.

In General. We are struck by the fact that St. Luke alludes to it. Not once only, but at least four times does he recall it. Surely he himself was full of admiration for her obedience to the Law of Moses. "And after the days of her purification, according to the Law of Moses, were accomplished," she came to Jerusalem (2:22). She offered her "sacrifice according as it is written in the law of the Lord" (2:24). She "brought in the child Jesus, to do for him according to the custom of the law" (2:27). The whole story concludes with the retrospective summary: "And after they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee" (2:39).

In Detail. 1. The law commanded mothers: "She shall touch no holy thing, neither shall she enter into the sanctuary, until the days of her purification be fulfilled" (Leviticus 12:4).

Mary obeyed; and through all this period of 40 days, she remained at home in quiet and solitary seclusion.

2. The law further commanded mothers: "And when the days of her purification are expired * * * she shall bring to the door of the tabernacle of the testimony a lamb of a year old for a holocaust and a young pigeon or a turtle-dove for sin, and shall deliver them to the priest, who shall offer them before the Lord and shall pray for her" (Lev. 12:6-7).

Mary obeyed; "and after the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished," she came to the temple (St. Luke 2:22). Even the details of proper day and time were observed.

3. The law also specified exactly what sort of sacrifice should be offered by mothers. Read once more the passage cited above, and then add this verse to complete the law: "And if her hand find not sufficiency, and she is not able to offer a lamb, she shall take two turtle-doves or two young pigeons, one for a holocaust, and another for sin-offering" (v. 8).

Mary obeyed; for she came "to offer a sacrifice, according as it is written in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons" (St. Luke 2:24). No circumstances, however minute it might seem, was negligible in her eyes, so long as God's will attached to it.

.. According to the law, all first-born sons belonged to God and should have been consecrated to the service of the Temple. God, however, selected the tribe of Levi to serve Him in place of the first-born. But in memory of this claim upon first-born sons, the law enacted that all these must be ransomed by the payment of a fixed sum of redemption-money. The passages in point are so numerous that we cannot note them all.

Mary obeyed also in this matter; for she carried her Child to the Temple "to present him to the Lord, as it is written in the law of the Lord" (St. Luke 2:22).

St. Paul used to urge the first Christians: "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. 11:1). Far more fittingly could these words be written round every picture of our Blessed Mother. Indeed,

our Lord was obedient unto death. St. Paul tells us how effectually the obedience of Jesus Christ decided our Redemption: "For, as by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners; so also by the obedience of one, many shall be made just" (Romans 5:19). Therefore we need not fear to go wrong if we follow in the footsteps of Mary; she will lead us in the pathway of obedience, and this path leads straight to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to God. Has not our Lord Himself instilled this lesson as His farewell admonition? "If you love me, keep my commandments" (St. John 14:15). "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me" (v. 21).

A GARLAND OF VIRTUES.

A perfect virtue cannot stand alone. The development of any single virtue tends to tone up and improve the vigor of the entire moral system of the soul. So, too, in the obedience of our Blessed Lady, we may observe the cluster of virtues that blaze forth to form the halo of glory around her submission to the Law.

1. Her love for God. If we read the Magnificat, we find the truest expression of her love for God. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour" (St. Luke 1:46). But our cold minds can scarcely grasp the warmth of the love conveyed in these simple words. Yet we may form some faint idea of the heat of a distinct fire when we take note of the enormous amount of fuel consumed. Now our Lady's love is measured by God's advances: "Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me." God did much to win her love; and He did even more to afford her a love commensurate with her all-surpassing dignity. From this we may dimly infer with what fervor and devotion she hastened to obey. For it must strike even the casual reader that the law in question now, is sometimes presented simply as the law of Moses; oftener, however, as the law of the Lord. Her very errand is comprised in the clause that regards her Child: "They carried him to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord." That very Child was her God. Whithersoever we look in this enchanting scene we meet with reminders of God, all serving as so many sparks to enkindle her love.

She comes to the Temple of God. Centuries ago David sang: "As the hart panteth after the fountains of waters, so my soul panteth after thee, O God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong, living God. When shall I come and appear before the face of God?" (Psalm

41:2-3). How much more intense was the flaming love in the heart of her who was the Mother of God!

She comes to offer sacrifice to God. Her heart must have leaped for joy. "I have gone round, and have offered up in his tabernacle a sacrifice of jubilation. I will sing, and recite a psalm to the Lord" (Psalm 26:6). What a flood of melody must have throbbed through the vast spaces of the magnificent Temple as Mary entered! Her heart was the favorite harp of the Holy Ghost. Her love was far deeper and stronger than that of men and angels combined.

2. Her humility and poverty. How highly she prized these privileges we may gather from her own words: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away" (St. Luke 1:52).

God had exalted her. Father, Son and Holy Ghost had stooped down to raise her up to the highest possible dignity within their gift. She was preserved from every taint of sin, as the Immaculate Mother of God. Yet she mingles with the crowds beside her. She claims no exemption, no recognition. Her dignity is screened and veiled from every mortal eye.

The angel Gabriel had announced to her, concerning her Child: "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father * * * and of his kingdom there shall be no end" (St. Luke 1:32). Yet she was content to be classed with the poor in the Temple, and there make public acknowledgment of her poverty.

3. The magnificence of her gift. As years rolled by and swelled into ages, countless mothers had stood here day by day and presented their children to the Lord. Never a mother and child such as Mary and Jesus. Never yet had an angel chanted: "The Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Never had the Holy Ghost, as through the voice of Elizabeth, saluted anyone: "And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" Kings and prophets sighed to behold this day, with the holy old man Simeon: "Now dost thou dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace; because my eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples." Truly magnificent was her gift, when she presented our Emmanuel, our God with us!

Other mothers brought their children and they received a blessing. They returned to their homes with cheer and comfort in their hearts. They pressed their child to their bosom, happy to think it was their very own and would grow up to be their joy and consolation.

HEROISM OF HER OBEDIENCE.

How different was all this in Mary's case! She, too, received a blessing, but a blessing that involved a martyrdom of anguish.

1. She loved her Child so dearly; and this was the message she now received concerning Him: "Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted" (St. Luke 2:34). Then there flashed through her memory the words of Isaias: He shall be "for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offense to the two houses of Israel, for a snare and a ruin to the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and very many of them shall stumble and fall and shall be broken in pieces" (8:14). Sorrow and gloom gathered heavily over her soul. There was one ray of light that pierced through this vision of a woeful future: "for the resurrection!" Again she recalled the words of Isaias: "The remnant shall be converted; the remnant, I say, of Jacob, to the mighty God. For if thy people, O Israel, shall be as the sand of the sea, a remnant of them shall be converted" (10:22). Why so many ruined, so few converted? The sunbeam of Joy was changed into a lightning flash of keenest grief, for her Child was set for a sign which was to be contradicted. Instead of a welcome, He would find a curse. Instead of love, He would be vowed to hatred and fiercest persecution. He would prove a scandal to Jews and folly to the Gentiles. This was her Child!

AND ANOTHER MISSING LINK

A recent notice bears the valuable information that another discovery has been made which is liable to solve the "problem of man's origin."

Why so much trouble and expense! We have the blood-test!

But, then, that is risky. If all scientists and self-constituted authorities on the vital "problems" of mankind were to submit to the blood-test, many of them—to borrow the words of a noted editor—"would be found to be 100 per cent jackass."

Johnny Psycho-Analyzed

MR. MURPHY'S INTELLIGENCE CLINIC

J. W. FENNELLY, C.Ss.R.

Times change and we change with them; so sayeth the sage, and the sage sayeth truly. There was a time in the years gone by—the period vague and indefinable now dubbed old-fashioned, when the fundamentals of education consisted in thorough drilling in the three Rs—and the standard of up-bringing for the average American youth was best expressed in the formula, pithy and effective, of Solomon, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." But that was before the advent of Feminism and Birth Control and Eugenics and Psycho-analysis and Academic Psychological Clinics and Health through Fleischman's Yeast and Emil Coué.

John Randolph Murphy, Jr., alias Johnny, and age 10, belonged to the latter, that is to say, the modern age, a matter in which he had no choice. He was a victim of circumstances—some would call it fate. Incidentally, he was the oldest of the three children who filled the Murphy household with its daily meed of laughter and its apportioned quota of tears; who were the consolation, the joy and at times the tantalizing nuisance of Papa Murphy's busy life, and the source of much anxiety and studious care to Mamma Murphy in her few unemployed hours. There was Elizabeth, boasting of six summers, and Baby Harold, age 2.

It was a happy home, or rather had been, till Mr. Murphy's success in the insurance business had impelled him to take up more imposing quarters in a beautiful bungalow on the outskirts of Glendale, just where the conductor on the Manchester "owl-car," making his last trip from St. Louis to the Highlands, pauses to untie his lunch. Another evidence of the change of the times. Ours is a day of system and method. But to return.

The location being select, the natives thereof were likewise! A symptom of the disease was the prevalence of clubs, to-wit, the Monday Club, Wednesday Afternoon Schubert, the Friday Reading Circle, the Thursday Bridge, the Apollo Literary, the Franklin New Thought Group, together with various Courts, Conclaves, Realms, Vice-realms, Districts and Kingdoms of a score of associations of Daughters,

Queens, etc. Mrs. Murphy had joined the Monday Club, a Thursday Bridge, and after a long, desultory discussion, followed by sundry, vague misgivings, the Franklin New Thought. And then, to quote a modern wizard of words, "the fun began."

Johnny had been attending school with varied success for two years. Unconsciously he had adopted as a working principle of life the axiom that "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." As a natural consequence, his worries with regard to errands, studies and like inconveniences in boy life, were reduced to a minimum. He was not malicious—just careless. On the other hand, the evils of the day once disposed of to his juvenile satisfaction, either by evasion or by complete forgetfulness, the joys were experienced to the full. His tenth birthday found him endowed with unusual skill in baseball and football, a penchant for electricity evidenced by occasional experiments on wintry nights by rubbing the family Angora's fur in the wrong direction and the erection of a rickety aerial from the house to the garage as part preparation for a radio receiving station, he was "going" to make. Furthermore, he had attended the circus one wonderful night and forthwith was filled with the ambition to be a cowboy—which ambition he endeavored to realize partially by practicing riding on an empty barrel, with disastrous results to his stockings and trousers and no small injury to his elbows.

Then came the intelligence test in school. Johnny had been decorating the middle of a large class. His standing fluctuated according to the seasons and the weather—and his father's personal attention. For Mr. Murphy could swing a wicked arm, and he was wont to be partial to a good sized razor strop. So when his father was home and not too engrossed in business, Johnny was prudently studious, and the standing in class decidedly satisfactory. With circumstances altered, results in class changed almost automatically. Dear Miss Jones, lately graduated from the State Normal, was quite undecided as to whether his visual memory or his auditory memory was at fault, or whether there was not a fundamental defect in his apperceptive faculties due to a remedial physical defect. So! Johnny was rated as "active-uncontrolled" and as having the intelligence of a boy of seven, and the report duly sent to Mrs. Murphy. It was the day on which the Franklin New Thought convened.

Mrs. Smythe-Ranney, the proud possessor of two diminutive

Pekinese thoroughbreds, had just read an interesting paper on the ancient fallacy of correcting children by spanking.

"It was all right in the dark days past, but with the stimulating influence of scientific research spurring us to higher things in the present, the concept of corporeal punishment is abhorrent. It savors of the methods of the cave-man. Brutal force has been superseded by gentle persuasion." She nodded her plumed hat effectively. "And though I should not presume to be a prophet—I dare say—I *dare* say," she added with significance, "that the doctrines of Emil Coué, lately broadcasted, like the cheerful rays of the morning star in the East, will enhance, confirm, develop, complete in theory and in practice, the points I have endeavored to present to you this afternoon. I thank you."

Discussion was in order—with light luncheon in reserve.

Mrs. Murphy thought she would present the case of Johnny.

"You know," she said, "he is not vicious and not even willful. He just does things. The report sent to me stated that he was of the 'active-uncontrolled' type. That may be. But the next statement, that he rates with children of seven years of age in intelligence I will not admit. I think he is a bright boy."

"But, my dear," interposed the reader of the day benignly, "don't you think we are *so* apt to overestimate our own?" She looked around for assent—and got it. Mrs. Smythe-Ranney was a social leader and the rest were diplomatic.

"Well, let it go at that," answered Mrs. Murphy. "What I want to know is how one can use the theories you have advanced, to rectify wayward tendencies in a real, live boy!"

Mrs. Smythe-Ranney smiled complacently. She was a graduate of Vassar and the rest of the group looked on her as another oracle. They awaited the oracle's reply.

"The answer is quite simple, to my mind. Steady, daily repetition of Coué's formula, followed by physical exercises under personal supervision. By the former, his mind, don't you know, is—er, ah—opened as it were to the influx of profitable suggestions; by the exercises—his physical properties are, er, ah, attuned as it were to the attitude of his mind; the personal supervision will by fine though intangible methods, cause your strong personality, increased, don't you know, by the sublime influences of mother love to transfuse itself within his subconscious. The rest will follow at a matter of course."

A sigh swept like a wave through the assemblage. Such wisdom, such eloquence, such truly maternal solicitude expressed admirably in words! Ah! lucky Pekinese pups, to have such a guardian!

Mr. Murphy had just slammed down the cover of his roll-top desk and turned the key, when he heard someone enter his office.

"Hullo, Murph—all through for the day? Thought so. Same here. Thought I could drive out out, unless you have your car in town!"

"No such luck, Ranney—been in the garage over a week. Somebody took most of the wiring out of it—and it had to be overhauled. Auto thieves are going the limit these days."

"Well, I am glad in so far as it permits me to take you home. Come on. The evening traffic on these down-town streets is awful. Besides I want to ask you about a deal I have on with the Etna Insurance Co."

The two men, although engaged in widely varied businesses and equally widely separated in point of wealth—Ranney drove a Cadillac and Murphy a Dodge coupe—had become fast friends. Ranney secretly envied Murphy. Night after night he had passed the Murphy home and looked up at the lighted window crowded with three faces watching for Daddy's return. Night after night he had passed those faces and driven on to his more palatial but decidedly empty house—he could not truthfully call it home—on Lockwood Avenue. He had said nothing but was daily becoming more and more disgusted. He found that association with the serious, light-hearted, happy Murphy formed a salutary antidote to his bitterness.

Together, then, they worked their way through the traffic; out to the freer areas of Forest Park, around the winding drives, out along the meandering Big Bend road, between fields and through hamlets and under overhanging trees to Lockwood Avenue. As the motor settled into the usual speed, its low, rhythmic purr formed a stimulating background for conversation—and confidence.

"You mentioned a deal with the Etna," began Murphy, offering a cigar to his partner and lighting his own.

"Confound the Etna—no thanks—I don't smoke when I drive myself. The Etna can wait. Another idea has come to me. Say, Murphy, your wife and mine, I believe, are members of some of those pestiferous clubs in our community. Uplift societies and the like. Did Mrs. Murphy ever mention it?"

"Well, to be frank, I believe she did, but I did not pay any attention. I suppose the women-folk find the day tedious at times and form those things for relaxation."

"Relaxation! Humph! I could see the point with regard to Mrs. Murphy with all those splendid youngsters to take care of, but I have filled our house with servants, and all my wife has to worry about is—just that—relaxation! Relaxation and two Pekinese dogs! Oh, yes, her sister has sent her youngest boy over to stay with us while she and her husband take a trip to California. He arrives today. I hope he has some spunk in him. But about these clubs. I have no objection as long as they don't affect me. Have you heard of this New Thought crowd?"

"New Thought?" asked Murphy; "nò, what is their feature?"

"A close examination followed by personal experiment in the new-fangled fiddle-de-dees of one Coué, with the view to the opening of a Psychiatric clinic or some such thing in the near future. I read that in a pamphlet yesterday evening."

"Coué! Experiment! Believe me, Ranney, I'll look up that fellow and his pamphlets this evening. If we are going to have any such truck in our house, it will have to come after my death. Last year she tumbled into a bunch that were experimenting in Psychic Research and seances and the like. A missionary priest, speaking at our church one Sunday, burst the bubble to smithereens. But this Coué! Seems to me I've heard or read of him."

"Of course you have. 'Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better.' Daily repetition of the magic formula drives the wrinkles from your face and the cob-webs from your brain; increases digestion, and cures everything from an ingrown toenail to spinal meningitis."

Mr. Ranney left Mr. Murphy at the entrance to his grounds and then drove on rapidly to his own dwelling. He had a chauffeur but preferred to drive his own car to and from work. It offered variety in occupation and tended to relieve the tension of business strain.

After he had left the car at the garage door he wandered about the grounds for a while, breathing in deep draughts of the sweet evening air.

"Such a difference," he remarked to himself, "between the heavy,

smoke-laden, dust-carrying, diseased air of the city and the invigorating, healthy ozone of the outer districts." Under its stimulating influence, the morose spirit which had afflicted him passed off. He felt even jolly.

As he ascended the broad steps leading to the entrance, he wondered why the place seemed so deserted. Not even a servant in sight; his wife not in her accustomed chair on the porch—but perhaps the lad had arrived.

He opened the house door and entered the spacious hall.

"Wan—two—left—turn—three—four—resume your furst possee-shawn!"

The vibrant tones of a masculine voice issuing from a Victrola filled the house. Music of a meaningless melody but rhythmic in its strain was being played at intervals by a small orchestra.

"Wan—two—up—down—three—turn—four—resume your original possee-shawn!"

He pushed aside the heavy portiere—and gasped—then silently drew back, but still retaining a hold on the heavy hangings. The sight was exhilarating.

Before the wide-open Victrola, the honorable president of the Franklin New Thought, Mrs. Smythe-Ranney, clad in an appropriate costume of short golfing skirt and girlish middy which brought out in splendid relief her generous proportions, was supervising the mental and physical rejuvenation of a diminutive, squirming bundle of masculine humanity on the floor.

"Now, Tommy dear, you mustn't cry. This is good for you. Stand up."

The bundle disentangled itself.

"That will do for today. Now look here. Repeat this after me: 'Day by day, in every way, I am getting stronger and stronger.'"

One little fist clamped itself in the most convenient eye. The other little fist followed suit on the eye nearest to it. A gulp, a convulsive shake of the shoulders, a heavy sob, then a muttered, "I don' wanna!"

"Now Tommy, do what Auntie says." Auntie was quickly becoming flushed. She began to hesitate about the applicability of her conclusions. "Now commence, 'Day by day—'"

"Day by day—aw!"

"In every way—" came the strident tones of the prompter.

"I nevry way—get out o' here"—this to a yelping Pekinese, the words being followed by a healthy kick. Mrs. Smythe-Ranney thought she heard a gulp behind the portieres. The house was so quiet she suspected that the servants had formed an interested gallery. Well, it could do them no harm and might be instructive. Poor things—their lives—their horizons of vision—"and all that"—were so circumscribed.

"Tommy—don't you dare. You must never hurt little animals."

The boy looked up from the maze of tousled curls; his tear-stained face broke into a grin.

"Not even mice—when they get in your hair and squeal—eeeek!" he shrieked in imitation. His preceptor jumped with apprehension.

"Well, no! Now back to the lesson. Repeat what I told you—" There was a thump in the hall, the sound of someone slipping on the stairs, and the resounding whack of a solid body landing against a wall. She jumped to the portieres, snatched them back and found Jenkins, the butler, sheepishly sitting on the floor and rubbing his shin. Mr. Smythe-Ranney had reached the porch in time.

Over at the Murphy home similar occurrences were in order. Mr. Murphy missed the three faces in the window and was uneasy. He opened the hall door and hurried in, fearing that his little family had been murdered or asphyxiated. He stopped suddenly, stunned.

The sound of a phonograph playing some waltz tune or other—he could not identify it—issued from the sitting room. A ringing voice uttered a series of commands—"Wun—two—three—back—resume your first possee-shawn!" He peered into the room. The two smallest children were perched on chairs and enjoying the scene immensely. Johnny, the "active-uncontrolled," was endeavoring under his mother's tutelage, to squirm himself into a paragon of active-control. His face was flushed and tear-stained; his features set stubbornly. Mrs. Murphy's face was firm—belying the words of gentle persuasion.

"You are through for today. Now listen and repeat what I say twenty times. 'Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better.'"

Little hands were shoved deep into little pockets; little, tired feet were planted firmly, wide apart; little blue eyes gleamed with a dangerous glint; little red lips closed themselves in a straight line and said—nothing.

"Come now, Johnny, do what you are told. 'Day by day—'" Silence.

"For the last time, Johnny, I am telling you—say it now—'Day by day—'"

A grin spread over Johnny's face: his mouth began to form the words slowly.

"Day—by—day; 'nevry way—I'm gettin' bettern better—not—not—NOT!" He stamped his foot—and shrieked the last word. Mr. Murphy entered—the display was at an end.

After supper he received a telephone call. Mr. Ranney wished to have his nephew meet Johnny. The meeting was agreed on. As both households were near, in fact almost adjoining, the two boys, who found they had a great deal in common, spent part of the evening in one yard, part in the other. Both were highly interested in the aerial Johnny had constructed.

"It will catch anything—Yurru—'n Asia—'n the whole world," he exclaimed triumphantly to his little companion, indicating with a magnificent gesture the crinkly, knotted aerial swaying above.

Mr. Ranney noted the gesture from his vantage point on the lawn and remarked to his friend, "By the by, Murphy, putting aside Etna Insurance and Coué for the nonce, did you ever take particular notice of Johnny's aerial?" Mr. Murphy silently looked aloft.

"Don't you see, it has an uncommonly large number of kinks. Now, suppose you were to wrench the wiring out of an automobile—and—"

"Enough said, Ranney; I get the point. Where is that brat, mother?"

Mrs. Smythe-Ranney had just been giving her friend a highly colored description of her experiment in mental suggestion and Couéism. Mrs. Murphy was startled at her husband's sharpness of tone.

"Why—I don't know. Both the boys were here a minute ago."

"Well, both are gone. Come on, Ranney, let's investigate; then I'll treat you to a seance, sitting, psycho-pathic clinic, or any other dumfoolery you want to call it, that will prove highly interesting—and instructive. That boy of mine was rated 'active-uncontrolled—and endowed with seven-year-old intelligence.' Wait!"

Together the two men ransacked the grounds. Then they went over to Ranney's place, the futile search finally bringing them to the garage. A light was burning within. Together they peered through

the window. Johnny was holding an extension light aloft, while Tommy, having raised the hood, was pulling at some wires.

"I'll be—"

"Easy, Ranney; don't scandalize the darlings. Let me in first."

Murphy entered softly; then grasping the surprised Johnny by the top of the shirt, and Tommy by one ear, he marched them into the open. His lips were set.

"Here, Ranney, take yours, follow me, and learn psychology!"

Ranney followed, holding Tommy gingerly by the ear.

The procession entered the Murphy demesne; the two women looked at it in surprise.

"Now, then," began Murphy grimly, "do you two want a practical solution of the boy problem; a psycho-analytic seance that will back old Coué and the rest of his crowd against the wall—a piece of social uplift and all that, which though simple in administering is almost infallible in its results—watch carefully?" Then to Johnny: "Young man, did you get that wire up there from my car?"

A gulping sob—and a nod of assent.

"Poor judgment—seven-year-old intelligence that needs spurring. Now since intelligence in a seven-year-old seems to be mostly concentrated in the vicinity of the trousers' seat, we'll proceed with the clinic. Mary, bring my razor strop from the bath-room door!"

LET IT REST

Let it rest! How many hearts on the brink of anxiety and disquietude, by this simple sentence have been made calm and happy!

Some proceeding has wounded us by its want of tact; let it rest, no one will think of it again.

A harsh or unjust sentence irritates us; let it rest; whoever may have given vent to it, will be pleased to see it is forgotten.

A painful scandal is about to estrange us from an old friend; let it rest, and thus preserve our charity and peace of mind.

A suspicious look is on the point of cooling our affection; let it rest; and our look of trust will restore confidence.—*Golden Sands.*

If by our deeds we become saints, true it is, by our deeds also we shall be condemned.

My Light and My Salvation

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

St. Augustine says that prayer is a key which opens heaven to us. The same moment in which our prayer ascends to God, the grace we ask for descends upon us: "The prayer of the just is the key of heaven; the petition ascends, and the mercy of God descends." The royal prophet writes that our supplications and God's mercy are joined together: "Blessed is God, who has not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me."

Hence the same St. Augustine says that when we are praying to God, we ought to be certain that God is hearing us. And for myself, I must acknowledge I never feel greater consolation, nor a greater confidence of my salvation, than when I am praying to God and recommending myself to Him. And I think that the same thing happens to all other believers; for the other signs of salvation are uncertain; but that God hears him who prays with confidence is an infallible truth, for it is infallibly true that God cannot fail in His promises.

When we find ourselves weak, and unable to overcome any passion, or any great difficulty, so as to accomplish what God requires of us, let us take courage and say with the Apostle: "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me." Let us not say, as some do, I cannot; I distrust myself. With our own strength, it is true, we can do nothing; but with God's help we can do everything.

If God said to a man: "Take this mountain on your shoulders and carry it, for I am helping you," would not that man be a diffident creature if he answered: "I will not take it, for I have not strength to carry it"?

Thus, when we know how miserable and weak we are, and when we find ourselves most beset by temptations, let us not lose heart, but lift up our eyes to God, and say with David: "The Lord is my helper; and I will despise my enemies." With the help of my Lord, I shall overcome and laugh to scorn all the assaults of my foes.

As for the fundamental reasons for any man's entrance into the Catholic Church, they are only two: one is that he believes it to be the solid objective truth, which is true whether he likes it or not; the other reason is that he seeks liberation from his sins.—*Chesterton.*

"Let the Little Ones Come Unto Me"

EDUCATIONAL RIGHTS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Recent events affecting our Catholic Schools force upon us the question of Educational Rights. We feel that an injury has been done us—that rights were violated which we have from God, from nature and from the constitution. Rights that we hold paramount and sacred. It is this question precisely that I wish to examine.

Before we begin, we must understand what we mean by education. Nowadays instruction and education are only too frequently confused. By instruction we mean the imparting of the knowledge of facts of a scientific or historical or practical nature, with the laws or principles that bind these facts into a science; the teaching of the methods by which such facts are to be found and observed and by which the laws and principles are to be deduced: the imparting of the knowledge and skill to apply these principles to work in the world. It fills the mind with knowledge and gives to the senses and muscles skill and dexterity.

By education we mean more than that. We mean the training of the entire man in all his various relations—to his neighbor, to society, to himself, and to God—in a word, in all his moral and religious relations.

I am not now going to prove that instruction is not sufficient—but that education in the full sense is what we need most today. I take it for granted, for the present, that there must be no divorce between instruction and education. I need not say that this is being admitted today, more and more, by all serious-minded men.

Just by way of example, let me quote the words of Dr. Eliot, President-emeritus of Harvard University, before a Congregationalist audience, a non-Catholic speaking to non-Catholics:

"The failure of our public schools to turn out good citizens and good voters is conspicuous." Why? Because "They are desperately in need of religious teaching." * * * "First teach children their duty to parents, brothers and sisters. Children in the public schools are getting nothing of such teaching. Many of them are getting nothing of it at home. Teach them the meaning of loving their neighbors.

Beyond that is the motive of putting into children's hearts love of Almighty God."

The National Council of Education, February 28, 1921, at Atlantic City, adopted this resolution:

"In view of the dependence of democracy on religion and the attacks to which all churches and all democratic governments are alike being subjected by radicals and radical nations, it is the duty of all churches, irrespective of divergences of creed, to unite in an effort to make religious education more universal and efficient," etc.

And Hon. Arthur Balfour in 1920 said flatly: "The division between religious and secular training is fundamentally erroneous." cf. *A Catechism of Catholic Education*, pp. 51-52 and pp. 53-58, for further reference. Still stronger are the words of Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania. "Subtract God from the school," he says, "and you get not secular education, but no education at all."

Therefore instruction and education are not to be separated. In other words, we have the right view embodied in our Catholic School System.

A second point I wish to call to your attention. Education is not something abstract. Unfortunately, it is looked upon and treated as such only too often—as if it were a new scheme to grow larger cucumbers or to find a 58th variety of Heintz. Education is something done to somebody—namely, the child. Hence it cannot be understood without the child. It means to rear the child; it means, by instruction of mind, training of will, building up of body, to prepare it for its life in this world and the next.

The first matter we must consider, then, is the child.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILD.

"It is a hundred years," writes Mary Vida Clark in the September *North American Review*, "since we have heard much of the Rights of man. The French Revolution put a quietus on that topic. The past century has talked volubly of Women's Rights, but apparently the problems of feminism are among those largely solved by the Great War. It will soon be the turn of the last remaining unenfranchised class of human beings to claim their rights—the children." One of these rights we shall examine here: its right to an education.

Look at numerous educational fads nowadays foisted upon a world that seems to have lost its bearings. Has the child—the subject or the victim—of education no rights in the matter?

A child is born into the world. Here he is—not a piece of machinery—not a pet Pekinese—but a human being with body and soul—personality and destiny. Examine these.

The body—first to the eye—weak, feeble, helpless—but every bit of its tender, wriggling flesh calling for development and perfection and the means necessary for it. And the call is all the louder, the claim all the stronger, because it can be so easily stunted, crippled, maimed. But that is not all the child; if it were, it were no better than a plant or a household pet.

In that body is a soul—with a mind capable of knowing and understanding, directing and governing, planning and designing work useful or artistic, with a will capable of utilizing the body and pushing it on to the performance of the mind's designs with all the power of love or hate, fear or hardihood, joy or sadness, anger or desire—like so many steeds in rein and check.

True, these powers sleep—but they are not dead. As the rose-bush in the dead of winter grows stiff and stark and ragged like a weed of the meadows, but in the summer bursts into flower, so the soul of the child, with the dawn of reason, shall reveal the image of God.

Yet deeper mysteries are revealed in the child's soul. It came from God and yearns back to Him with a longing and unrest—that St. Augustine says will never be quieted until it rests in Him. That soul is a chalice meant to shrine its God.

And if the waters of Baptism are poured over the infant brow, the child becomes a king—a child of God. Sanctifying grace, the blood royal of our Heavenly Father is poured into it—and the child's instinct for its Father roused. It has heard the call: Let the little ones come unto me for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here, then, is the supreme and the most fundamental purpose of this new man born into the world: made for God, to enjoy Him forever, to reach that goal by knowledge of Him, love of Him, service of Him, with all its powers and faculties here on earth. Does not that child's soul call with a claim undeniable for the fulfillment of this destiny? All the stronger, all the fiercer is the claim because with it goes the terrible possibility of failing of it and being condemned to want it with a very fire of bitter want forever.

To reach this destiny, the child has a right—fundamental, supreme, inalienable, God-given. Will it be able to reach it if left to itself to

grow up like a wild plant? No, therefore, it has a right—a perfect right—to such supervision and care over its mind, will, and body, during childhood, as will fit it to take up, later on, the burden of winning the the glorious prize eternal.

It has a right to physical care. It has a right to mental development. It has a right to training of the will. It has a right to moral and religious training. And as all this is impossible without knowledge and exercise of its powers, it has a right to these. This in one word is education—fitting the child to meet the problems of life and work out its eternal purpose.

If a child were maimed—if its eyes were gouged out, or its baby hands lopped off—you would recognize at once that the child's fundamental rights have been ruthlessly violated. You would feel as if you were hurt—as if all mankind were hurt—because this right is so fundamental that every violation of it goes against the grain of our nature.

Yet the right of the child to bodily development is less important by far—is not nearly as momentous and fundamental as its right to learn that which is necessary for its true happiness and the attainment of the purpose of its existence.

We must bear in mind, in order to get a fuller grasp of this, that the child's most plastic and impressionable years are precisely those of childhood. That is the seeding time—that is the period when habits and propensities—virtuous as well as vicious—take their root in the soul. If, for its future happiness, it must believe in God and His teaching to man, if it must know and keep His law, if it must constantly make choice between right and wrong, overcome temptation's allurements and avoid sin, it must from very childhood be filled with a reverence and love for God that will serve as a security for that other commandment which is like unto the first: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

This is not all. It has a right, too, to be preserved from any teaching that might imperil these most important lessons. For, to imperil these would be tantamount to putting out the child's eyes—to maiming it and sending it out upon life a moral and religious cripple.

How often have I worked at the Wisconsin State Industrial School or at the Chicago Juvenile Detention Home. And at sight of boys—physically fit, but morally stunted—who can lie, steal, assault or even attempt murder—I asked myself—why is this? Had they not the same chance as you and I?

Investigation showed that in most cases their fundamental right—their right to a real education embracing the development of heart and will, morals and religion, as well as intellect and body—their right to have their infant feet set upon the paths of virtue, religion, love of God, and right living, was violated. They were maimed!

EXTENT OF CHILD'S RIGHT.

How far does this right of the child to learn extend? It covers every period of education. What is said of the infant—of the child in the primary school grades, holds also of the youth in High school, College, and University.

It extends certainly to everything that is absolutely necessary for it to know and to do to be enabled to work out its destiny. But who shall say where this stops? Therefore it has a right to all you can give and to all it can win for itself. It extends to the prevention of all that might be harmful to it; and since here again, it is very difficult to draw the line, it is clear, that it has a right to the greatest care and solicitude.

These fundamental rights come to the child as individual, as person, as child of God. It is such before it is a member of any society—whether family or State. And hence, any one of these that would defraud it of such an education, would violate the deepest, the most sacred, the most momentous rights of the child.

But the child cannot itself make a choice of its surroundings, of its lessons, of its teachers, of its school. The decision could not rationally be left to it, because of its incapacity and inexperience. Therefore, it devolves upon those to whom the child rightfully belongs, to decide for it.

This is the child's right—God-given, natural, and therefore inalienable. It is fundamental and lays the basis, so to speak, for the right and duty and solemn obligation of education.

"If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I would have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that the trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life." These are Judge Lindsey's words. Can anyone blame us Catholics if we try to improve on the public school and, for the sake of our children, correct the trouble?

Exhibit A.

PART II. THE LAW MUST BE VINDICATED

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Another dawn threw new shafts of light over the industrial sections of Detroit. Not that other sections were slighted in this generous display of illumination, but only the industrial sections were awake to perceive and appreciate it. And again the hurrying throngs of working-men eddied and swirled through the gates of the numerous factories.

Mike and his father were in their usual place in the long procession, for the men were so methodical that except on Mondays, when they were often sleeping off some Sunday evening's carouse, they usually left their homes and fell into line at exactly the same time each morning. But this morning Mike was walking with Katherine, and telling her of his first day in the factory. She made a sympathetic listener, and when a girl is the sympathetic listener, the man in the case, no matter what his ability, can usually be counted on to be eloquent. Mike was eloquent.

She told him, in turn, some of her experiences with tyrants—and worse—in the factory. Mike forgot his grievances in listening to her recital. It seemed that a girl who worked for her living was supposed to be the legitimate prey of every scoundrel who wielded the scepter of petty authority.

"Ah, Katherine, that must not be—that must come to an end. You are too good to be left in such a place; we will soon stop all that." She looked at him archly as he stared ahead frowning, and smiled at the naivete of his words.

"And how would you end it?" she asked, laughing.

He did not answer, but awaking as from a dream, laughed merrily and began to sing. Heads in front turned to view the phenomenon, a working-man actually singing on his way to toil. Those behind them hurried to get nearer to the music. High over the rumble of the hurrying feet rose the melodious tones of an Austrian folk-song. A window flew up suddenly and a much dishevelled head was thrust out, in an effort to locate the singer. With a vocal whirl and roulade, the boy gave an imitation of a Tyrolean yodel and ended the concert. Some

men in front waved approval; his father, though smiling his delight, gruffly told him to save his strength. Anyhow they had come to the corner and its inevitable parting. The girl waved gayly as she joined her companion, Mike waved his dinner-pail in return, and they were off. The shop whistle does not wait for sentiment.

"Mike!" The boy looked at his father, wondering at his tone. "Mike, there's a gang at the gate. Look! What a mob!"

Sure enough, instead of surging tumultuously into the gaping doorway, a crowd had congregated around someone just outside the gate of the mill. They hurried to join the throng.

An officer standing guard was the center of attraction. Another at the other side of the gate was also a center of attraction. On entering the yard, they found a group of officers standing around the office. Over to one side the patrol wagon which had brought them was standing.

"I wonder what it's all about?" remarked Kentzler. "It can't be a strike. Maybe some Bolsheviks got into the place last night." He spoke half aloud.

"Bolsheviks! Hell!" grunted a voice at his elbow. "Somebody bumped off the old fat-head. Can't say that anybody is wearing mourning over it either." The speaker blew a final puff of smoke from his pipe, knocked out the ashes, and proceeded nonchalantly to the factory. The warning whistle was blowing. But this answer did not satisfy Mike or his father. They pushed their way through the tightly knotted mass of men to the office door. Within they could see another group of men talking earnestly together. Suddenly the crowd behind them scattered to allow an ambulance to approach. In a few minutes the dead body of Warder was carried out. Those inside the office followed, and they overheard one man, evidently a detective, remark: "Whoever did it, did a quick job. This chunk of copper would jolt an elephant, if a good sized fist swung it." Mike and Mr. Kentzler hurried away in silence.

There was an unusual atmosphere of calm in the factory that morning. Laborers hurried around with the wagons full of metal, mechanics whistled as they supervised the manipulation of the gigantic rolls. It seemed as though a big cloud lowering over the horizon had unexpectedly blown away.

"Well, Mike me boy," remarked his new boss, as he helped him to

arrange the big can of oil used to lubricate the metal in its progress through the rolls, "the big boy who clipped you, got his. Sorry to see him go that way, but 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody no good,' and I guess this is no exception."

"I wonder who killed him?" asked Mike.

"I dunno, son, but by the looks of them detectives yonder, I imagine they'll soon know—or think they will—which is about the same thing nowadays. Did you notice how they let all the men get into the factory before they appeared. I'll bet they have every gate guarded. They'll have the guy before night or know the reason why."

As he was speaking one of the detectives began to walk through the lane of machines. He was not the big, blustering type usually displayed in melodrama, nor was he the sleek, sneaking stage villain otherwise used to portray the part. Further, he was not the Sherlock Holmes type with deep, mysterious, searching eyes peering into your very soul the while an active brain spun a mass of tiny clues into a maze of facts and these in turn into a chain of unbreakable conviction. In fact, he looked just like one of the office force, except for his peculiar manner of stopping from time to time at unimportant machines to carefully scrutinize the location, mode of operation and make of the machine and material used. He had a pleasant smile, too, that won instant confidence from those he met in his saunterings.

Over on the other side of the mill another gentleman was sauntering along, examining machines and material, chatting with the men who mistook him for one of the stockholders who often went through the factory on tours of inspection. And out in the yard, a third pleasant gentleman, equally affable and equally searching in his examination of the premises, was making his way from place to place wherever there were men engaged in any kind of work. A remark here, a question there, a nod elsewhere, and he was gone.

All three met near the foundry in the rear. Together they watched the casters pour the glowing brass into the long dark moulds, while their burly, smoke-stained helpers lowered or raised the heavy, metal-filled pots according to the signal given. It was a fascinating sight to everybody; people generally lingered when they came to the foundry for a visit, so the three detectives created no surprise. Afterwards they went together to the machine used in cutting the copper ingots. Here they lingered again, one of them picking up a section of an ingot

and noting the size, weight, and peculiar edge left by the cutting. Finally after a word or two with the man in charge, they went together back through the mill. One of the casters turned and stared at them.

"Say, fellows, those guys are detectives. I guess they think someone in here did up old groucher. See 'em look over that copper?"

"Sure thing," grunted another as he wiped the grease and soot from his hands. "And it looks as though they have got their guy; look at them with their heads together like a bunch of vultures. God help the poor fellow. Slick guys, them! They've been trailin' around the plant, picking up information as they went. Cassidy tells me they asked him whether there had been any fights in the plant recently. I guess they must think this is a Sunday school! Shucks! Fights!" And off he went.

The three detectives did have their heads together, and their opinions were fast becoming one. After a brief consultation, they proceeded back to the office, conversing together as they went. One of them, noticing a gang of men loading metal on a small wagon, stopped to watch a short, stocky foreigner throw a heavy roll of brass to the top of the load. He marveled at the ability shown by the so-called "unskilled laborer." As he stared at the man in wonder, he caught his eye. The fellow stared back stupidly, then hurrying over to the detective, began to talk about the murder.

"You fellows, police? Me know something. Big copper slug, not? So! Bang him on head like club? Not? Las' night? Ah, me thought so. Big boss have plenty scrap; all time say 'hurry up,' all time mean as hell. Yesterday punch boy in face; plenty blood."

"Where did this happen?" inquired the detective.

"Way down"—he waved a mitten-covered hand vaguely toward the front of the plant. "Way down, there." He grinned as he watched the three move rapidly in the direction indicated.

As they neared the rolls where Mike worked, Kentzler hurried past them to a spot behind the shears. They watched him curiously as he took up his dinner pail and prepared to take a lunch. Most of the laborers were munching a piece of bread and sausage by this time. Suddenly Kentzler jumped as though he had been stung. As he lifted some bread from the pail, a bit of copper fell out and rolled a little distance on the floor. It landed near the detectives' feet. One of them picked it up casually, and was about to hurl it on a pile of scrap when

the dapper little fellow who had paraded past the rolls seized it, examined it carefully, then slipped it into his pocket. He then took a good look at Kentzler, and pulling one of his comrades by the elbow, walked off. The third followed as a matter of course.

Mike saw the incident from his place across the aisle and wondered. His own boss noticed him standing in a daze and inquired:

"What's the matter, lad? Those fellows can't hurt you. They might have grabbed the big boy if they had seen what happened yesterday; but it's too late for that now."

"I know," answered Mike, "but they looked at my father in a funny way. It would be a shame if they tried to make him look as though he did it. I've heard they sometimes do that; pick up a fellow and give him some kind of an examination and then have him sent up."

"Bosh—all bosh, lad. There's no better man in the mill than your father; and if they are looking for possible enemies of the fellow that was killed, they would have to arrest the entire mill, including the superintendent. Don't lose any sleep—or work over that. I don't think they will ever find the man; at least not in this place today. I expect they will compare the time cards and find out who is missing and then look up those who did not show up for work."

As he spoke, the three turned, hurried back and arranged themselves around the shears. One of them drew his revolver, but kept it hidden beneath his coat. A second detective went up to Mike's father and put him under arrest. Without a word, then, they hurried off to the office. Mike saw them and snatching up a large iron bar, started to rush after them.

"Come back here, lad," shouted the Irishman, seizing him by the collar. "Don't make matters worse. They've got nothing on your father; but they would surely have a whole lot on you if you went after them that way. Just take it easy lad—here, here, don't cry. They're not going to kill him." He clasped the lad in his arms like a little child. The big bar dropped to the floor with a clang.

Throughout the factory, there was a lull in the work. Men hurried in disorder to the front of the shop and there were no bosses to stop them. Like little children attracted by a passing circus, they wanted to see the show. It did not matter to most of them that a fellow workman was in danger of being sent to prison. They—at least most of

them—did not think of that. The secret of attraction was simply the unusual nature of the occurrence.

Within the office, several policemen were grouped around a table on which lay a solid piece of jagged copper. The three detectives marched Mr. Kentzler up to the table, without saying a word. Then the finder of the small section, motioning for attention, silently fitted the bit he had picked up from the floor into one corner of the blood-stained section. It fitted perfectly, and what was worse, bore the last curve of the letter C. The entire piece now assembled carried the inscription ELEC.

"Do you recognize this?" he asked suddenly. Kentzler nodded.

"Where did you get it?"

Mr. Kentzler hesitated for a moment. The meaning of it all flashed upon him. Someone had stolen the copper from his pail the night before, and he in his worry about Mike had forgotten about it—more, had failed to notice that it was gone. And that someone, whoever he might be, had done what he had wished to do, had used that copper section as a club and killed the nagging tyrant of the mill.

"Yesterday, you were working at the freight-car unloading ingots of Electrotytic copper. You had a muss with the boss, then you went to the cutting machine and selected a bit of copper to use as a billy. Last night there was night work. You were supposed to work, but you went home. Then you returned, after you had established your alibi, and lay in wait outside the gate. You knew that Warder would be the last to leave as he would have to see that the plant was left in proper order for the morning. You waited till he was about to cross the street to catch a car, and then you jumped him from the rear. You hit him on the top of the head—once—once was enough. Then you left the billy beside him. But you forgot to clean all the copper from your dinner pail where you had put it after you had stolen it. You won't go up for stealing because there's something bigger ahead of you."

The poor fellow had been standing in a daze, staring at the section of copper on the table before him. Unconsciously he had been nodding assent as the detective spoke. The scene was as actual to him as though it had really taken place. He could see the man fall after the crushing blow had descended. He could hear him groan in agony as he breathed his last. It seemed like a vivid nightmare. But the last words of the detective woke him up.

"I did not do it. I did not kill him. God knows he often made me angry enough to wish to do it; he was a brute; but I did not do it." It was no use. There was only one thing for the officers to do and they did it. With handcuffs on his wrists for the first time in his life, John Kentzler went off in the patrol wagon.

That night when the whistle blew, the kind-hearted Irishman accompanied Mike through the gate. They walked in silence down the long yard till they reached the street. Then the Irishman stopped and held out his hand.

"It is not customary around here for a man to bother much about his helpers in the mill, but this is different and you are different. So lad, if you care to take it, here's my hand and my name is Pat Collins. You are going to have a hard time of it for a while till this affair blows over, but whenever you need a friend, just call on me." Then he noticed the tears starting to the boy's eyes. "Keep up, son; don't weaken. Here's my car; so long till tomorrow." Mike shook hands gratefully, and then slunk off.

At the corner of the main street he met Katherine and her sister returning from work. She saw at once that something had gone wrong, more wrong than usual. With a girl's tact, she waited for him to say what it was. They walked, consequently, for several blocks in silence. Then Mike spoke.

"Katherine, they took my father to jail this morning."

"To jail, Mike," she exclaimed in horror; "what do you mean?"

"Yep; they took him to jail because they think he killed that fellow who hit me yesterday." He told her the details as he knew them—the last particulars about the finding of the small piece of copper having been told him by Collins. "And now, they will send him to prison for life, I suppose, and I know he didn't do it. But what can we do?"

They were nearing the big church that marked half the distance to their homes. Katherine looked up at the dark, gray portals.

"We can pray, Mike." And she led him into the church.

It was dark in there, but still enough light came through the stained glass windows to outline the tapering Gothic columns and the arches overhead. Far to the front, a red light gleamed steadily, and Mike felt at home. The steady crimson glow meant more to him than that it had ever meant before. He knew that no matter what had happened or could be liable to happen, he could always find a Friend to help

him and console him. For the first time he appreciated the significance of the light before the altar; it typified the steady glow of Divine Love burning incessantly for men, for all men, for him, there in the tabernacle.

He did not know what he said; in fact, he did not know whether he said anything at all; but when, after a few minutes, the girl gently tugged at his sleeve to remind him that they had still a long distance to walk, he left the church feeling much relieved. A new strength had come to him. He felt that he had courage now to meet any exigency.

That evening, Collins, who had learned Mike's address, called on him and together they went to the jail. Mr. Kentzler was to be tried very soon, and the attitude of the officials they met was such that they felt there was no hope. Witnesses there were aplenty to testify to the quarrel between Mike's father and the dead man; there were even some who had heard him say he was going to kill the bully that night. There was no alibi possible, for no one at home could account for Mr. Kentzler's presence there during the evening. As a matter of fact, Mike felt sure he had gone to bed, while the rest were attending a parish entertainment. But the law was inexorable.

The days dragged on till the trial was called; and that was brief. The motive was established; the chain of incriminating circumstantial evidence was forged, link by link; the prosecuting attorney's appeal to the jury eloquent; the jury's decision rapid; the sentence was pronounced—Kentzler must atone for his crime by spending the rest of his life in the State Penitentiary.

He had said nothing beyond pleading "Not guilty," and trying to explain his whereabouts the night of the murder. But all that counted for nothing. Resting on a table near the jury lay the assembled pieces of copper used in the murder. Silent but effective rebuttal of every word uttered by the doomed man. And the prosecutor, in summing up his address, had called the attention of the jury to the grewsome object labeled Exhibit A. There was no hope.

But before he left, Kentzler asked to see his boy. They were allowed some time together. Mike was heart-broken; his father was calm, resigned.

"It is the will of God, my son; I must accept the cross. He, too, was punished innocently. I unite my sufferings to His. I am not worried about myself. But you and those at home! Ah, that is differ-

ent. I want you to keep the news of this to yourself for the present. Work as hard as you can and send as much as you can back home; but tell them that we have had to postpone their coming to America. Make some excuse for my not writing. I will write when I can from the prison and send the letters to you, and do you forward them in turn to the Fatherland. This will not last. God is good and He will provide for me. Now I must go. Be a good boy, Mike; and pray for me."

As Mike left the building, he saw officers, big, strapping, handsome men, leading in other men to be tried. He felt a surge of hatred for this overbearing, cruel system; but on second thought, he realized that its strength was the guarantee of its influence and its liberty, but not of its infallibility. He resolved then, to work and wait and pray for the time when he would be able to have another investigation made into the mystery of Warder's death; and then he would have his father vindicated.

Mike had left boyhood and its dreams behind and had become a man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BIGGEST GIFT

"What would you consider the biggest gift you could make to yourself during this season?" I asked a dear friend last year. "To do something for someone I detest," she said. "And I'm doing it—and I feel it's the best thing I've ever accomplished. It took a lot of determination, but I've got there!"

I smiled at her reply and later asked her how her gift had worked out.

"Splendidly," she said. "I found out I have never detested her quite as much as I thought I had!"

There's a lot of truth in that. You can't dislike a person for whom you do something. There's a charm in service that touches the heart.

Tell God of all your anxiety, your discouragements, the means employed for success. Ask Him to teach you what to say, and how to act. One sentence learned from God in Prayer, will do more for you than all your human endeavors.

Catholic Anecdotes

WHOSE FAVOR

The following letters show how a man of true faith, meets the appeals of charity that come to him from time to time.

Luxemburg, April 20, 1910.

DEAR DOCTOR PAREE:

I am in receipt of your gracious note of last week offering me complimentary services in the matter of my operation. What can I say but that I am amazed at your courtesy and liberality? Were I a priest with even a modicum of salary, I would not consent to such kindness on your part. But vowed to poverty as I am, I can only accept your generosity in the spirit of faith and thankfulness. Let me settle at least for the catgut, even though you waive all recompense for your professional ministrations. Let me do something for material used and tell me what I can offer for this. If you will not, then name some day in December on which I can offer a special Mass for yourself and your intentions, and so in God's way I may do something to show my appreciation of your unlooked-for consideration of me. With best wishes I have the pleasure of remaining,

Gratefully yours,

M. S. LUBIN.

The reply of Doctor Paree follows:

REVEREND M. S. LUBIN,
Luxemburg, Belgium.

DEAR FATHER LUBIN:

Your charming letter of April 20th, expresses gratitude which is not only out of all proportion to my poor services but unique in its rare delicacy of thought and expression. Permit me to explain that you are under no obligation to me whatever. The service which you suffered at my hands was tended to one of God's priests. Compensation being certain through the divine law, the time of its bestowal alone remains as a matter of speculation, and, to preserve this argument to its logical conclusion, who is a better judge of the most acceptable time

than our divine Lord, my creditor? So you see, inasmuch as your personality did not enter into this act, you are under no obligation to me. Rather am I indebted to you for allowing me to practice a charity which the dictates of professional frugality might otherwise preclude. Your gratitude is not due to me, but to that "sweet source" from whence all blessings flow. In your thanksgiving may you pray that I keep my soul constantly alert to grace, that I do my charity always with a lively pleasure, seeking always to avoid the material good at the expense of an eternal blessing.

For you see how, even now, I meditate upon your gratitude, your thanks for my little deed; how I relish the human handclasp in my impatience of reward; how my little vanities hasten to express themselves when silence and humility would bring their own divine reward.

May I beg you, then, to offer the Holy Sacrifice on my birthday, December 1st, to the end that the flame of my devotion to serve the servants of God may be enkindled and burn brightly throughout its earthly day.

With every sentiment of gracious esteem, believe me to remain,
N. J. PAREE.

PATIENCE MENDS MANY TROUBLES.

The mother of St. Rose died when the Saint was still a child, and her father married again. Her stepmother was very unkind to her. Rose was small, delicate, and not accustomed to perform any hard work; but her stepmother, while taunting her with this and comparing her with her own children, who were large and strong, obliged her to perform tasks she would never think of asking them to do. Her stepbrothers and stepsisters used to torment her in every way they could think of; but Rose never complained to her father, accepting every cross that came to her for the love of God and in memory of His blessed Passion.

One day her stepmother called her and bade her go to the spring for water, telling her to take a very large and heavy earthen pitcher, which it was almost impossible for her to carry, especially after she had filled it. On her way home from the spring, she met one of her stepbrothers, who said, "Rose, where are you going?"

"I am going home with this pitcher of water," she replied.

"Why do you carry it so clumsily?" he inquired.

"Because it is heavy," said Rose.

"I will make it light for you, and easier to lift," rejoined the boy, giving it a sharp blow with a large stick he was carrying in his hand.

The pitcher broke into several pieces, the water spilled all over the ground, and poor Rose stood dismayed. Her stepbrother began to laugh and mock at her, but she showed no sign of anger.

"I hope mother will beat you now," said the boy. "I am sure she will."

Rose did not say a word. She knelt upon the grass, carefully placed the pieces together as they were before, made the Sign of the Cross over them, and calmly lifting the pitcher again, mended and whole, went back to the spring and refilled it.

BOOKS AND PRAYER

Blessed John Fisher, founder of Christ College and St. John's College at Cambridge University (England), became Bishop of Rochester in 1504.

Bishop Fisher wrote a book against Luther and the would-be reformers. Blessed Thomas More, who was rated one of the greatest and most learned men of the day, and who later died for the Faith, declared of it: "Bishop Fisher has so thoroughly exposed the fallacy of Luther's assertions, and has so completely overthrown them, that Luther would be glad if his writings were consigned to the flames, provided he still possessed any sense of shame."

One day a Carthusian monk praised the Bishop for his book, commending especially the learning, zeal and labor shown in its composition. The Bishop, renowned through all Europe, later on a martyr for the Faith like his friend Thomas More, but as great in humility as in learning, replied:

"I would almost that I had employed the time given to the writing of this book, in prayer. I think I would have done more good and won more merit."

This is consoling for us. We cannot write books, perhaps. But we can pray.

Pointed Paragraphs

FEBRUARY 14.

During all the days of Our Lord's earthly life, one thought seems to have been uppermost in His mind—the thought of His Passion and death. Time and again He came back to it—time and again He spoke of it. Once He revealed His mind: I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized and how am I straitened until it be accomplished! At the last supper once more He manifests the hidden fires of His heart: With desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you before I die.

This same thought He wished to dominate the minds of His children and followers for all time to come: "Do this," He said of the Mass, "as often as you do it, in commemoration of me."

The Apostles understood and hence as often as they gathered for the Breaking of the Bread, the thought of Our Saviour's Passion was before them. St. Paul, that singularly faithful disciple of the Christ whom he once persecuted, could say of himself: I desire to have nought but Christ crucified.

In compliance, then, with Our dear Saviour's wish, this thought—of Our Lord's Passion and death—should be uppermost in our minds, especially during the days of Lent.

THE PASSION AND LIFE.

A mother watched by her son who lay in his death agony. Opening his eyes suddenly he whispered:

"Mother, some water; I am dying of thirst."

Just at that moment the clock in the sick chamber struck three, and the mother, taking the crucifix, placed it in his hands.

"My darling," she said brokenly, "it is the hour when Jesus died for you. He, too, was parched with thirst. Would you not wish to resemble Him a little more by waiting somewhat before quenching yours?"

"Yes, mother," came the reply, and the heroic sufferer pressed the crucifix to his lips and smiled.

The thought of Our Lord's sufferings has brought strength to martyrs, courage to Christians in every trial and trouble, repentance to sinners, consolation to the afflicted and repentant.

Devote a few moments each day of Lent to the consideration of Our Saviour's sufferings. See what it will do for you.

THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Just at present Admiral Benson is one of our most prominent Catholic laymen. During the war he was eminently a man of action, and he seems, in his conception of his duties as a Catholic, to bring to his life the same spirit of readiness to do his full duty. In addressing a gathering of Catholic laymen at Youngstown, Ohio, he made the following trenchant remarks:

"A great many Catholics feel that they are performing their duty by attending church on Sunday and receiving the Sacraments from time to time, or in giving large or small amounts according to their means to Catholic work. Catholicism today, however, expects more.

"In this day of unusual progress," he continued, "we as Catholics may not turn aside from where duty calls, though in the doing of that duty it is necessary to forego our pleasures and possibly make some tangible sacrifices for the faith that is in us."

Exactly. Surely we want to see all—especially the men—faithful to their duty of Mass on Sundays and to the frequent reception of the Sacraments. But that is not all our duty today. We must take an interest in and a hand in the solution of the big problems now agitating the world. Alone we can do nothing or very little. We must work in and through some organization—parish sodalities and societies; Holy Name Society, St. Vincent de Paul Society, National Council of Catholic Men and Women, Knights of Columbus, Foresters, etc. Join them, take an active part in their work. Do not let it to others. Attend their meetings, propose your ideas, and with perfect team work be ready to put your shoulder to the wheel to carry out their aims. If your society is dead, wake it up; get it to do something. Then don't let the car stick in the mud.

THE CRY OF CHILDREN

Across the Pacific comes the cry of little Filipino children to us Americans: Give us bread—not bread for their bodies, but for their souls.

Father John J. Doyle, C.Ss.R., writes to us from Manila:

"The Sister in charge of our parish school here wishes to increase the number of books in the school library, and at my suggestion, has looked over the list published in the LIGUORIAN. I enclose her selection, to which I have added a few books for use in our own little community. I shall be greatly obliged if your reverence undertakes to have these books forwarded to the above address. You will know the best way to send them. All I can do is to recommend the cheapest way consistent with safety.

"I need hardly say that expense is by no means a secondary question with us, seeing that we have about 760 children in our school, all hungry for knowledge, but many unable, and all undesirous to pay for the meal.

"We have fifteen or sixteen Filipino teachers under the care of a Belgian Sister, who is the principal of the school. We do not receive a centavo from the government, but on the contrary, a fair share of trouble from regulations, etc., that are the penalty we pay for being allowed to write 'approved by the government,' after 'Malate Catholic School.'

"However, it is the only solution possible at present for the problem of religious education. The state schools are crowded with the children of Catholic parents (at least nominally) and these poor youngsters grow up to manhood and womanhood in ignorance of the truths of faith necessary for salvation. They do not even know the Lord's Prayer.

"It is impossible for the Faith to survive if something is not done to teach the children, and the Catholic School is the only remedy."

If anybody is willing to contribute for this school library for poor Filipino children, we shall be glad to send the contributions on to Father Doyle.

Most things wear out with constant use, but a bad temper is not one of them.

VERIFYING STATEMENTS.

From Ave Maria we glean the following worth-while incident:

Dr. Orr, a distinguished Scotch professor, speaking of another great scientist of international renown, Prof. Tait, declared:

"Tait, before his death, came across an article in which there was a lot of claptrap about all men of science being sceptics, and it rather set up the good man's back.

"He wrote an article in which he asked the simple question: 'Who are the greatest men of science of our time?'

"He went over the list of them, and then he asked: 'How many of them are sceptics?' And he could not find a sceptic in the whole list."

PRESENCE OF GOD.

Prof. William James, the late leader of American non-Catholic philosophical thought in America, said of himself:

"My personal position is simple: I have no living sense of commerce with God. I envy those who have, for I know such a sense would help me greatly.

"The Divine, for my active life, is limited to personal and abstract concepts which as ideals interest and determine me, but do so faintly in comparison with what a feeling of God might effect if I had one.

"This, to be sure, is largely a matter of intensity, but a shade of intensity may make one's whole center of moral energy shift."

So this man of science felt the power for good that might be derived from the realization of the Presence of God around us every moment of the day.

The Saints have been familiar with this long, long ago. But when we see a man of the stamp of Prof. William James acknowledge the same thing, we wonder why we have been so slow to adopt a practice which has for it the testimony of sound reason, experience of saints, and admission of philosophers.

It is thought that counts, and Catholic thought, if it is Catholic thought, can hold its own against all comers.

Catholic Events

Twenty-two Armenian nuns and 380 Armenian orphan girls, whose ages range from 8 to 18, and who come from various localities of Asia Minor, are now guests of the Holy Father at Castel Gandolfo, the old summer home of the Pope. Two hundred and eighty of the refugees are Catholics, the rest are Gregorian Schismatics. The nuns had 18 mission houses in Asia Minor, all of which are destroyed. Thirteen Sisters have been martyred.

* * *

President Obregon's order directing the expulsion of Monsignor Ernesto Filippi, Apostolic Delegate, from Mexico on the grounds that his participation in a religious ceremony constituted a violation of the Mexican Constitution, is considered characteristic of the policy of the present government, which has missed few opportunities to show its hostility to the Catholic Church.

The religious ceremony was private in character and held on private ground, though 50,000 people from every part of Mexico attended.

* * *

Catholics constitute the largest religious body, numerically, in the city of New York, according to statistics published by the *Jewish Tribune*, which show that the Jewish population has doubled during the last twenty years, while Protestantism has failed to maintain an increase proportionate to its numbers.

The Catholic population is given as 1,943,730, or 34.89 per cent of the entire population. Protestants number 1,941,847, or 34.55 per cent. There are 1,643,012 Jews, or 29.23 per cent. Protestants outnumbered Catholics in 1900 by 400,000.

* * *

At Miami, Florida, the Sisters of St. Joseph are planning the erection of a new academy and college for girls at an eventual cost of \$250,000. They have at present 500 pupils, boys and girls in grammar and high school grades; 250 of these students are Catholic.

* * *

Montreal will be the scene of the 1923 K. of C. convention, according to an announcement made following the quarterly meeting of the board of directors. Notable among the things that will come up for discussion is the formation of a junior division.

* * *

In an address in New York, Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, Colo., gave some startling figures on divorces and separations. "For every marriage in Denver in 1922," he said, "there has been a separation. And for every two marriage licenses issued there has been a divorce suit filed. * * * These statistics show the number of separations arising from non-support and desertion which have come under the observation of my own Domestic Relations Court. In Chicago

last year reports showed that there were 39,000 marriage licenses granted and 13,000 divorce decrees signed. Remember that the decrees signed did not represent all of those filed, nor the large number of separations.

* * *

Repeal of the section of the Code which permits the transportation and importation of wine for sacramental purposes in Oregon is the object of one of four bills introduced into the State Legislature. The second bill introduced has to do with the examinations of teachers for the public schools, some of which now are taught by religious. The third bill would repeal the law exempting church property from taxation. The fourth bill seeks the repeal of the section providing for chaplains at the penitentiary and boys' training school, one of whom, under the present law, must be a Catholic priest.

* * *

The school law recently passed in Oregon, has aroused a great deal of dissatisfaction in the business community of the State because of the adverse effect it has already had on the development of the State and even on the sale of its manufactured products. Though there is nothing preventing the amendment or even the repeal of the law, it is not probable that it will be repealed. It is considered likely that the bill will be so amended as to go into effect this year instead of 1926. This would hasten the test of its validity in the federal court.

* * *

Representative Baker of the 65th District of Texas has announced that he will introduce into the State Legislature a bill "making it compulsory for every child to attend the public school to the eighth grade." The Baker Bill, it is said, will be modeled on the Oregon bill, and already a prominent member of the Ku Klux Klan has declared through "Colonel Mayfield's Weekly," "that there are enough 100 per cent Americans in the Texas Legislature to make the measure a law." The openly admitted purpose is to destroy the parochial school, which, as they falsely assert, "teaches the children of this State allegiance to a foreign dictator, who has the power to absolve them from allegiance to our flag and to their country." When the school bill is passed, the writer urges "Texans to drive out the Homes of the Good Shepherd" which he calls "slave pens."

* * *

M. Coué, master of auto-suggestion, in an interview in the *New York World*, the official propagandist of M. Coué's mission here, among other things interesting to his following at large, pronounced upon his religious views. "Religion," he said, "is good. It is useful but I do not think it is necessary. I am a Catholic but I do not practice it."

* * *

The Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has written a letter of commendation to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, chairman of the American Committee for the Restoration of Louvain University. The occasion was a special appeal which is being made to the parish schools throughout the United States to cooperate in raising a fund of \$1,000,000 for the Louvain Library.

Following the festivities of the New Year comes the annual compilation of statistics. The latest official statistics of Catholics in the British Empire place the total at 14,439,941, an increase of 253,630. The conversions in England and Wales for 1921 were 11,621, a decrease of 1,000 over the previous year. There has been an increase, too, in priests, churches and schools.

* * *

To those interested in the cinema, the news of the first showing of the new film-play, "Fabiola," in the Auditorium Theater of Chicago will bring pleasure. Cardinal Wiseman's masterpiece of literature has been read, it is estimated, by 250,000,000 people, having been translated into almost every language.

* * *

After a stormy economic existence in the general post-war turmoil, the Austrian government, under the guidance of the popular priest-premier, Monsignor Seipel, seems to be well on its way to resume its normal status. The national spirit has changed from one of grim despair to one of high hope, under the tactful and prudent administration of the new and acknowledged leader.

* * *

Considerable interest has been aroused in the project to erect a shrine in the vicinity of the Mount of the Holy Cross in Colorado. The mountain has always been an object of interest because of the almost perfect cross formed on its slope by the crevices filled with snow. It is thought that 100,000 people will be able to be accommodated at the shrine.

* * *

Beginning with the illustrious name of the late Pope Benedict XV, the roll of death for 1922, contains a large number of names prominent in Catholic circles. Among those most widely known in the United States were the Right Rev. Patrick Donahue, bishop of Wheeling; the Right Rev. J. Grimes, bishop of Syracuse, and the Right Rev. Henry Granjon, bishop of Tucson. The Jesuit Fathers lost the famous Father Rosswinkle, well known throughout the country for his eloquence, and the equally famous Father Bernard Vaughan. Among the laity, the Knights of Columbus are mourning the death of Daniel Colwell, one of the original incorporators of the Knights, who died at New Haven.

* * *

The Society of Mary, commonly known as the Brothers of Mary, have elected the Very Rev. Ernest Joseph Sorret, D. D., a native of France, as Superior General. He is the sixth superior general of the Society, which was founded at Bordeaux, France, in 1817.

* * *

At the thirty-fourth annual service of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution, the Rev. Dr. Garland, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Pennsylvania, referring to the new Oregon amendment on education, made a stirring appeal to Catholics to unite with Protestants in defense of religious training in schools.

— THE — Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Why is the Catholic Church opposed to Freemasonry? I know personally several good Masons, who openly say that Masonry is opposed to no church, that it welcomes Catholics and Non-catholics alike. These men even praise the work that the Church is doing and maintain that there is no danger of persecution of the Catholic Church in this country as far as the Masons are concerned.

(a) The Catholic Church is opposed to Freemasonry because it proposes to substitute in place of the religion revealed and taught by Jesus Christ, a religion based solely upon nature. The Masons have their ritual and they teach that their natural code of ethics, humanitarianism, is far superior to any system of morals based upon supernatural and revealed religion. This is heresy and accordingly the Church condemns Masonry just as it condemns every heretical sect.

(b) With regard to the assertion of your Masonic friends that Masonry welcomes Catholics and Noncatholic alike, that is partly true; we shall even go further and say that Masonry even admits ministers of Protestant denominations, at least to the lower degrees. But if these church members take the tenets of Masonry seriously, they are gradually made to understand that Masonry is superior to all religions and that the true Mason needs no other religion, hence they gradually cease to be active church members. It is difficult to understand how supposed ministers of the gospel can join the Masons, for by their profession of Masonry, they openly declare that their belief in the revealed religion, taught in the Bible, which they are supposed to preach, is inferior to the religion of nature, as taught by Masonry.

With regard to accepting Catholics as members, the leading Masons seem to be divided in their policy—some maintain that no Catholic should be admitted, because it is so difficult to entirely convert a Catholic to Masonry;

others favor the policy of throwing the doors of Masonry wide open to Catholics, with the hope that these Catholics can be gradually shown, as they say, the superiority of Masonry over Catholicity. Consequently, the Catholic, who joins the Masons exposes himself to a real and positive danger of losing his faith. The Church wishes to safeguard her children from this danger, and therefore she forbids all Catholics to join the Masons under pain of excommunication.

(c) Your Masonic friends profess to know nothing about persecution of the Catholic Church on the part of Masonry, but this, if they are sincere, is due to the fact, that, as members only of the lower degrees of Masonry, they know nothing of the true object of Masonry, which is revealed only to the initiated in the higher degrees. It is a fact, that cannot be denied, that wherever the Freemasons have secured control of the government of a country, as for instance in Portugal, in France, in Mexico, and at times in South American republics, they persecute the church in the most cruel and shameless manner. Even in this country, there are very many individual Masons, who at every opportunity show their opposition to all things Catholic, and as an example of a concerted move against Catholicity, we need but point to the Oregon school-law openly sponsored by the Masonic Order.

Why are the throats blessed on the third of February?

St. Blase, whose feast is celebrated on the third of February, for many centuries has been invoked by the faithful in all throat troubles. The Church has approved of this devotion and consequently the practice of blessing the throats on the feast day of this saint has been adopted almost universally in the church. However, St. Blase's blessing is not restricted to his feast day; it may be given any day of the year.

Some Good Books

The Practical Prayer Book. Published by D. B. Hansen & Co., 27 N. Franklin St., Chicago. Price \$1.00 and upwards.

We have a great many prayerbooks on the market—but there is always room for one more. Just as poets are singing their lyrics every day and yet literature finds place for those that are worth while. Devotion, though deeply founded on reason, is in its expression linked with feeling and personal taste to a great extent. Our characters differ chiefly there, and even ourselves differ from day to day. Hence there is always a place for a good prayer-book.

This prayerbook has some features that appeal to me very much and seem to me to justify the title given it: *The Practical Prayer Book.*

First, essentials are not overlooked. The Ordinary of the Mass precedes private devotions for Mass and Communion, Holy Hour and the classics. Good daily prayers are given. Many Litanies—and Litanies are time-honored and beautiful forms of devotion. I like them very much—especially because they leave so much room for personal devotion. They can easily be changed from prayers of petition to prayers of praise and adoration.

Secondly, its special features are really practical. Among these I place first of all the many brief but very enlightening explanations scattered throughout the booklet, e. g., at the beginning of Mass and its various parts and before the prayers to Saints. Also the meditations that form the last part of the book.

I am sure the book will be a great spiritual help to anyone who uses it.

Spiritism and Common Sense. By C. M. de Heredia, S. J. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$2.00. Postpaid \$2.10.

In the first place because the author is absolutely sincere. On every page his sincerity stands out. He conceals nothing and passes over nothing—but takes everything into account.

In the second place, he is fully competent to speak of the subject. He himself is a master of "magical art," "a student in his youth of the great Herrman," who has reproduced before spellbound audiences a great many of the performances of so-called mediums. Thus the Springfield Republican reports one of his "seances:" "Rev. C. M. de Heredia, S. J., of Holy Cross College, treated a packed audience to a demonstration of "Spiritism" which might well vie with the best efforts of the most distinguished professional mediums, last night in the hall of the Technical High School. He recreated practically all the illusions of mediumism, including table tipping, levitations and apparitions, so effectively that the audience was completely baffled."

Moreover he has studied almost everything of note written on the subject. His list of books consulted covers fourteen pages and includes about 350 works on every phase of Spiritism.

In the third place, he is perfectly fair in his argument, plain in his statements, scientific in his attitude and sane in his conclusions.

Spiritism and Common Sense — he could not have chosen a better title. And common sense tells us that the "facts" of Spiritism are so much mingled with fraud that we can have no certainty about them; that the explanation of these facts is not at all scientifically established; that all dabbling in Spiritism is physically and morally harmful; that common sense supports the Church in its prohibition to take part in spiritistic meetings.

Lives of the Saints. Compiled by Rev. Alban Butler. Published by Benziger Brothers. Paper cover 25 cents.

The Lives of the Saints have been the delight of Christian childhood from time immemorial, and children like to read about heroes—they are natural hero-worshippers. There can be nothing better for them than the Lives of the Saints.

Lucid Intervals

Where kin a lad buy a cap fur his knee?

Or a key to the lock o' his hair?

Kin his eyes be called an academy

On account they's pupils there?

In the crown o' his head, what

Jools are found?

Who crosses the bridge o' his nose?

Kin he use when shingling the roof o' his house

The nails on the end o' his toes?

Kin the crook o' his elbow be sent to jail?

If so, what kin he do?

How do he sharpen his shoulder-blades—

Oh, no, I don't know, do you?

Kin he set in the shade o' the palm o' his hand

Or beat on the drum o' his ear?

Do the calf o' his leg

Eat the corn on his toes?

If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

"My memory is excellent," said Smith, "but there are three things I can never remember—I can't remember names, I can't remember faces, and I can't remember—I forget the third thing."

Woman (to beggar at door)—No, I ain't got nothin' for you.

Bostonian Bill (reproachfully)—You might refuse me grammatically, at any rate.

Willie—Papa, teacher asked us to find some new words that have just come into the English language. Can you tell me some?

Papa—Go ask your mother, Willie. She always has the last word.

"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?"

"N-no; but it's customary."

A rich man, lying on his death bed, called his chauffeur who had been in his service for years, and said: "Ah, Sykes, I am going on a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."

"Well, sir," consoled the chauffeur,

"there's one comfort. It's all down hill."

History Lecturer—Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Corpulent Lady—I don't know, or I would take some myself.

First Cannibal—"Our chief has hay fever."

Second Cannibal—"What brought it on?"

First Cannibal—"He ate a grass widow."

"An' now, bruddern an' sistern," said the old colored parson, "de collecshun will be tooked up. Ah jis wants ter say ter yo' all dat while de whitewash ob salvation am free, de pahty behin' de brush am got ter libe—an' Ah is dat pahty."

A young country minister, noted for his jollity, was dining at a farmhouse one Sunday and when his plate of roast chicken was passed to him he remarked facetiously, "Well, here's where that chicken enters the ministry."

"Hope it does better there than it did in la' work," rejoined the bright boy of the family.

Possible Employer—But we are slack ourselves. If I found you anything to do it would be taking work from my own men.

Applicant—The little I should do wouldn't 'arm nobody, guv'nor.

Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail)—Weak stomach, my lad?

Boy (nervously)—Why, ain't I putting it as far as the rest of them?

"Why are you so late with our milk this morning?" an old lady inquired of her milkman.

"Well, you see, mum," he answered, "it's like this. The law allows us 25,000 bacteria to the gallon, and you wouldn't believe how long it takes to count the little beggars."